



## Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact [support@jstor.org](mailto:support@jstor.org).

## My Note Book.

*Leonato.*—Are these things spoken, or do I but dream?  
*Don John.*—Sir, they are spoken, and these things are true.  
*Much Ado About Nothing.*



HAT reputable and enterprising firm of dealers in works of art known as the American Art Association has induced some thirty prominent men of wealth and taste to join it in an experiment for the furtherance of the interests of American painting which will be watched with much interest. There is to be a prize fund of \$15,000, to be divided into six equal amounts, and used as six cash prizes to be awarded by a committee, to be selected from the subscribers, for the six best oil paintings by American artists. The exhibition is to open on or about March 15th, 1885, in the new galleries of the Art Association. The prize pictures are to become the property of the Metropolitan Museum, New York; the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, Philadelphia; the Museum of Fine Art, Boston; the Corcoran Art Gallery, Washington; the Chicago Institute; the Cincinnati Museum of Arts, or the Detroit Museum of Fine Arts; the Rembrandt Club, Brooklyn, "and an art institution of Milwaukee, or other city which may take an interest in the furtherance of this project." The prize pictures are to be distributed by lot, under charge of a committee of ten or more exhibitors, to be voted for and selected at a meeting of the exhibitors. It is proposed to exhibit these paintings, "and all others as may be practicable" in the different cities representing the museums or art institutions named. If the subscriptions do not reach \$15,000 there will be fewer prize pictures; but the amount of each prize is to remain \$2500, and the museum or art institute of the city whose citizens have subscribed the least is to be dropped, and the money subscribed on its behalf refunded. Should the amount subscribed exceed \$15,000, the number of prize pictures is to be increased accordingly.

BY the death of James L. Claghorn, which has occurred since the last number of the magazine, this country has lost an amiable and public-spirited citizen and art a most liberal and intelligent devotee. His collection of engravings and etchings, about fifty thousand prints, is at once the largest and the best in the New World. In the works of certain old engravers it is unrivalled by any private collection in Europe or America. The prints of Toschi after Correggio are also unsurpassed, and it is doubtful whether—apart perhaps from the cabinet of the etcher himself—such another array of the work of Seymour Haden, in all its different states, is to be found outside of the portfolios of the famous Philadelphian.

THE most valuable print in the Claghorn collection—and, for its size, probably the most valuable print in the world—is an impression made by Albert Dürer from a gold plate he engraved for insertion in the head of the Emperor Maximilian's walking cane. Only a few proofs were taken and then the lines in the plate were filled in with black enamel. The subject is "The Crucifixion," and the space—not more than an inch in diameter—is crowded with figures. So much sought for is this very rare print that no less than six old counterfeits of it are known to collectors and are described by Bartsch.

FOR the proof of Müller's plate of the Sistine Madonna \$1800 was paid. In the department of fine old English mezzotints of the last century, the collection is especially rich. A unique print of this kind is Edmund Kean as "Richard the Third." It is a proof impression carefully touched up with black and white chalks by the painter himself. Mr. Frederick Keppel, the expert and dealer, to whom I am indebted for the foregoing facts, assures me that it would be impossible to-day to get together such a collection as this which his old friend James L. Claghorn has left behind. Most of the prints were bought about twenty years ago, before connoisseurs were alive to the fact

that the rarities then in the market were to be had, comparatively, for a song. Second in importance only to the collector's engravings is his large and splendid library of books relating to art. Mr. Claghorn at one time had a somewhat important gallery of paintings, mostly American; but he sold them all about five years ago, and filled the walls they used to occupy with rare prints.

SOME time ago I called attention to a trick not uncommon in the American jewelry trade of selling for a real diamond what actually consisted of a thin layer of diamond neatly attached to a body of mere glass—a dangerous trick, for the made-up stone tested in its setting would readily pass as genuine. A writer in the *Neuste Erfindungen* tells us how a similar fraud is practised on the Continent. He says: "Thin slips of some gem, as emerald, for example, are backed up with a glass of exactly the same color, and the glass likewise polished. By setting one of these double stones with the real stone outward and the glass beneath, the surface will, of course, exhibit all the properties of the gem, such as hardness, etc. These half-genuine stones are known as 'underlaid gems,' or in French as 'pierres fines doublées.' When these underlaid gems are skilfully set it is difficult, even for the expert, to distinguish them from perfectly genuine stones. But still it is easy to distinguish them by holding the stone before the eye in such a manner that the light reflected from the top enters the eye at an oblique angle; the surface where the stone and glass meet can be distinctly recognized by the difference in the refractive power of the two media, having the appearance of a crack or flaw in the stone. The public is frequently deceived by dealers, who represent these stones as being perfectly genuine."

THE Lotos Club has been presented by one of its members, Mr. W. H. Eggleston, Jr., with a strikingly handsome set of panels for its street doors. The glass is colorless, being of the kind technically known as "cracked jewel crystal"—the monogram of the club alone being in color—but, seen at night, with the gas-light in the hall diffused through it, the effect is brilliant and decorative. That a simple leaded mosaic of colorless bits of glass should produce so good a result would hardly be expected. Mr. Eggleston has made similar panels for fire-screens, the play of the firelight giving a charming golden translucence.

THE high prices obtained for first editions of celebrated authors, for manuscripts and for old bindings have, as might be expected, attracted the attention of scores of counterfeiters. Nothing but the knowledge of a specialist is a sufficient safeguard against them. M. Eudel tells how he himself was fooled with a copy of "Dorat's Fables," two volumes bound in one, of which the first volume was a counterfeit issued in Holland, and a plate in the second had been furnished with a new margin. As for bindings, those of the fifteenth century or anterior offer too many difficulties, because of the tone of the leather and of the old gilding to be undertaken by any but a few very experienced imitators, and even these do not succeed with an expert; but the bindings of the sixteenth century are, it appears, often counterfeited. A certain M. Hagué, formerly of London, now of Brussels is the greatest operator in this line.

QUITE recently a great deal of noise was made among bibliophiles about the discovery of a manuscript of Charles the Fifth. M. Quentin-Bauchart had paid 20,000 francs for it—a mere song. The little volume in 16mo, in its antique leather case doublé with faded velvet, was in good truth, a marvel. The miraculous preservation of the manuscript was attributed to this adorable cover. All the great connoisseurs of Paris, experts and dealers, went into ecstasies over it. The clasp with its two C's interlaced was considered to put the genuineness of the thing beyond question. M. de Ganay offered the happy owner his own price for the treasure, which he wished to place in his collection of volumes which had belonged to sovereigns and princes. But, one day, a binder

attached to the Bibliothèque National, Lefebvre by name, got a glance at the little volume "'Tis a Hagué," said he, "the binding is false." The morocco had been carefully soiled on purpose to age it, and inlaid on a commonplace binding of the period, and the arms supposed to be stamped on the cover, had been cut out of another binding and were only carefully glued on. Still the affair was so pretty that because of its intrinsic merit it brought afterward, all the facts being known, 3000 francs. Loss to M. Quentin-Bauchart 17,000 francs.

SOMETIMES a very gross blunder is made by these gentry. A certain friend of M. Eudel brought home one day a little book in an envelope of old Lyons silk. Madame, his wife, examined it, with the usual air of contempt mingled with curiosity with which she regarded the collector's extravagances. This time the lady was in the right. "My dear," said she, with withering sarcasm, handing him back the treasure, "I did not know that the sewing-machine was in use a century ago!"

ARMS and armor offer a fine field for rascality. According to M. Eudel most of those impressive trophies which ornament the antechambers or the smoking-rooms of aristocratic houses are the productions of Italian armorers, or Spanish, or even German—and one might add even of Frenchmen, exiles in New York. Many a fine coat of mail, which looks as though it might have been through the Crusades, was never farther East than East Houston Street.

CONSTANTINOPLE still makes a specialty of what are known in the trade as antique Turkish or Persian or Mongol weapons. The Turkish armorers make no secret of their occupation. They manufacture in full view of everybody their kangiaris with jade handles; their yatagans with Damascus blades, curved and twisted and ornamented with verses from the Koran; their scimitars with hafts covered with garnets, coral and turquoises; their poignards with sheaths of silver repoussé. Those Turks will lie to your face and tell you that the weapon which they finished yesterday in your presence has belonged to their families for one hundred or two hundred years, or, if that is not enough, they will make it three hundred.

MONTEZUMA.

## Dramatic Feuilleton.

*Hamlet.*—Good, my lord, will you see the players well bestowed?  
*Polonius.*—My lord, I will use them according to their desert.

*Hamlet.*

THE season has begun very brilliantly. Almost all the theatres have been reopened with new plays, and, although the majority of these plays have not been very original nor very successful, they have been witnessed by large numbers of the public, who are eager to be amused. The months usually given up to politics in a Presidential election year have been most profitable to the play-houses. All the managers have been making hay during this unexpected sunshine.

Of course, there must be an election in November, and, equally of course, the present month must be given up to the conventional political processions, in which men and boys are paid to walk, and the conventional mass-meetings, which professional orators are paid to address. Politics is a play; the actors receive their salaries; but the public are invited to come in free.

The regular theatres may not be able to compete with this free show during October, but they have had their innings already, and they anticipate even better business when the election and the weather are settled. Indeed, the theatrical outlook is unprecedentedly promising.

It is not always easy to combine dollars and sense; but the season appears to be as profitable from an Art point of view as from a pecuniary standpoint. The theatres of the metropolis are now more comfortable and more luxurious than ever. The plays, if not of a



higher order, are more artistically presented. The actors are better paid, better cared for behind the scenes and employed for longer periods. Art, once almost banished from the American stage, has formed an apparently permanent partnership with the Drama.

Two other partnerships will probably do much to insure this permanence. A. M. Palmer, formerly manager of the Union Square, has joined the Mallory Brothers at the Madison Square, and the new firm will build a new theatre. The Frohman Brothers have leased the Lyceum Theatre, now being built on Fourth Avenue, and have engaged Steele Mackaye as their manager. These combinations mean pure plays, perfectly presented, and carefully drilled travelling companies sent out upon missionary tours through the provinces.

In connection with the Lyceum Theatre there is to be a School for Actors, under the direction of Professor Sargent, who is now examining the ladies and gentlemen who have applied for admission to this dramatic academy. The enterprise is an experiment; but, once inaugurated, it will not be allowed to fail, and I hope to see it rival the Paris Conservatoire within the next decade.

The great work of the regeneration of the profession, artistically, materially, socially, which was commenced by Henry Irving in London ten years ago, was undertaken here by Steele Mackaye, an enthusiast who inspired a clergyman to invest in theatres, a dreamer who has lived to see some of his dreams come true. He built the Madison Square and then lost control of it because the clergyman was a better man of business than himself.

Now, again backed by ample capital, Mr. Mackaye is founding the Lyceum, which is to be another Art Theatre. No matter which of them makes the more money, both are sure to benefit the profession and the public. Of the broad rivers of improvement which may flow from these two small fountains I shall write when the plans of the new partnerships are more fully developed.

\* \* \*

FOR the sake of brevity, as well as convenience, let me classify the new plays which have opened the New York season. First, let us consider those which are just like previous plays, and, therefore, need not be described in detail. Then let us do justice to those which, whether good or bad, are at least original.

As an example of the former class, take "Caprice," by Howard Taylor, produced at the New Park Theatre, with Minnie Maddern starring as the heroine. This is "An Unequal Match," by Tom Taylor, the scenes and characters transferred from England to America. Howard Taylor says that he only saw "An Unequal Match" once, years ago, in California; but this only proves that his memory is as good as that of W. J. Florence, who remembered every word of "Caste" and was ruthlessly sued for violation of copyright.

Howard Taylor assures me that, to the best of his knowledge and belief, "Caprice" was conceived while he sat upon a bench in Union Square. It would not be strange if the spirits of deceased dramatists haunted Union Square, which is a favorite rendezvous for actors, and we shall find several other American playwrights who must have been inspired upon the same benches.

J. K. Tillotson, the author of "Queen," produced at the Union Square, is one of these benchers. His play is Bartley Campbell's "Separation" patchworked with Bronson Howard's "Banker's Daughter." Confronted with the similarities, or identities, Mr. Tillotson prudently says nothing; but he is undoubtedly entitled to a seat upon a Union Square bench.

So is Walter Standish, the author of "Fickle Fortune," produced at the Fourteenth Street Theatre. This is an old piece called "Doing for the Best," adapted from English into American, the original leading part, Dick Grubbs, transformed into an Irishman, Alonzo Mooney. Besides the bench, Mr. Standish deserves a foolscap; for he has not improved upon the English play.

"A Mountain Pink," produced at the Comedy Theatre, is the familiar story of "M'liss" worked over again, with North Carolina substituted for California and moonshiners for miners.

These plagiarisms, imitations, coincidences, whatever you may choose to call them, are only singular because the playwrights have adapted from the Eng-

lish instead of the French. To steal from a foreign language is, by common consent, not a crime in dramatic composition. All the dramatists, great and little, have done it, and been found out and forgiven or forgotten. But to deliberately rewrite an English play of the period and present it as an original work is not yet regarded as fair dealing—probably because none of the plagiarisms have been so profitable as those from the French and the German.

Still, such purloined plays have their uses. "Caprice" showed us that Minnie Maddern had developed into a charming, natural actress, not strong enough, perhaps, for an emotional part, but the legitimate successor of Maggie Mitchell. "Queen" revealed to us that Sadie Martinot, who made no impression in "Vice Versa" and "Confusion," is a delightful comedy actress, beautiful, graceful and with that humor so rare in woman. "Fickle Fortune" proved to Eugene Jepson that he is not a star. "A Mountain Pink" demonstrated conclusively that Ada Gilman should go back to her soubrette life of business.

See, then, how good comes out of evil, like the pond-lily from the stagnant water! If the plagiarized plays had been original, Mr. Jepson and Miss Gilman might have gone on acting them, and the merits of Miss Maddern and Miss Martinot might have been buried beneath the laurels of the dramatists.

\* \* \*

I PRESUME that everybody has read "Called Back," the quaint story which suddenly made the reputation of Mr. Fergus, of Bristol, England. Dramatized by Comyns Carr, the story has been as popular at a London theatre as in the book-stores. The Madison Square management purchased Mr. Carr's play and produced it at the Fifth Avenue Theatre.

The drama is not at all like the story. Mr. Carr has deliberately altered the sequence of incidents and changed a psychological romance into a simple melodrama. To those who have read the book the play is a disappointment.

In the drama the hero does not accidentally become the blind witness of a murder, as in the novel. He has known and loved the heroine before and voluntarily accompanies her to a meeting of conspirators, for no reason except to bring about a stage situation. In the play the hero does not marry the heroine off-hand and then discover her to be insane, as in the book. She becomes insane after the murder, and he hunts down the murderers in order to remove his suspicions of her purity. So, point by point, whatever was bizarre in the novel is made commonplace in the melodrama.

The difference between "Called Back" in book form and "Called Back" on the stage is that between a flower freshly plucked, damp with dew, full of fragrance, and the same flower pressed, dried, odorless, withered.

Robert Mantell, who was so successful as the hero of "Fedora," made his debut as a star in "Called Back" and did not shine very brightly, although he gave a conscientious, irreproachable performance of the thankless part. Miss Millward, who left the Irving company to make her debut in "Called Back" as a leading lady, was earnest, intelligent and pleasing; but the part would not permit her to be powerful.

The acting success of the play was made by W. J. Ferguson as the dudish villain, Macari. Mr. Ferguson could not decide as to the nationality of this character, and so varied his accent from Italian to Irish; but he had so thought out all the details of the impersonation and had costumed the villain so picturesquely that he won the audience at once, and was enthusiastically applauded and recalled. His toying with a rosebud while he discussed a murder was a bit of business worthy of Count Fosco in "The Woman in White," and was instantly appreciated by the audience.

I presume that "Called Back" will be successful. Almost all the plays produced by the Madison Square management are successful. But I am sorry that Comyns Carr did not give us a special dramatization of the novel for America. He has written down to his London public, but New York would have welcomed a more faithful version of the original story.

\* \* \*

"INVESTIGATION," at the Theatre Comique, has achieved the customary popularity of Edward Harrigan's local vaudevilles and draws the usual mixed audiences of boothblacks and millionaires, Five Point-

ers and Wall Streeters, the beauty and fashion of Mulberry Street and Murray Hill. The Comique is our one essentially New York theatre and presents us with our only genuine New York plays.

The story is about three Members of the Legislature who come to the metropolis as an investigating committee to report upon the Hunter's Point nuisances. They are shown the sights of the city by the owner of a glue factory, who is in love with a widow who owns a candle factory and has a hated rival, who is the agent of a tenement house. Mrs. Yeamans is the widow, and Harrigan and Hart are the rival suitors, and you may imagine what a fine time the committeemen have among this trio of practical humorists.

They are taken to a cooking-school, where glue is accidentally put into the puddings instead of molasses. They visit an opium joint, where a lot of colored people hold a christening party. They are fleeced by bunco-men and pocketbook droppers. Finally, they go on as supers at an amateur performance of "Romeo and Juliet," and their wives discover them flirting with the "ladies of the ballet."

The fun at Harrigan and Hart's is broad and strong, but never coarse. The scenes of city life are so faithful; the acting so simple and natural; the incidents so humorous; the negro dancing so graceful; the music of Dave Braham, the local Offenbach, so catching and jingling, that all sorts of people are equally amused by the performance. Newsboys rehearse the jigs on the sidewalk. Solid men whistle the tunes at the Union Club.

"Investigation" will probably have as long a run as any of the "Mulligan" plays, and, as the theatre is surpassed by none in comfort, in propriety and in a really artistic attention to every detail before and behind the footlights, its proprietors, who are also managers, actors and authors, richly deserve their extraordinary success.

\* \* \*

ONE of the jokes of the season is the identity of the two ballet spectacles, "Sieba," at the Star, and "The Seven Ravens," at Niblo's Garden. For weeks the Kiralfy Brothers had advertised that their piece was as far superior to that of Messrs. Poole and Gilmore as day to night, and Messrs. Poole and Gilmore had retorted that their "Seven Ravens" was like a sun compared with the lucifer matches of the Kiralfy "Sieba;" but both presented the same spectacle, on the same evening, the only differences being in the dancers and the scenery.

As show pieces neither "Sieba" nor "The Seven Ravens" is equal to "Excelsior," nor to the overpraised "Black Crook;" but the glare and the glitter, the pretty girls and the processions, the trick scenery and the sensational dancing attract crowds to both theatres.

Abandoning his old theatre to spectacle, Mr. Wal-lack reopened his new theatre with French opera-bouffe, Théo returning to warm up the public for the great Jadic, who, like the venerable S. J. Tilden, will be seen later.

Opera-bouffe in English is more successful than ever at the Casino, where "The Little Duke," a failure when first produced at Booth's Theatre, has excelled all its predecessors in popularity. Janusowsky, a plump German singer with a sweet voice, is the hero and is admirably supported by Herr Wilkie and J. H. Ryley.

Emulous of the Casino successes, James Duff has leased the Standard Theatre, now almost completed, for an opera-bouffe house, and is getting together a polyglot company. Perhaps Mr. Duff knows as much about music as Colonel McCaull; but does he know as much about management?

The Germans, who now rule the world, musically and otherwise, are to add the Metropolitan Opera-House to their conquests, Dr. Damrosch having been sent over by the directors to arrange for a season of German opera. We are to have Mapleson opera, which has supplanted Italian opera, at the Academy, and Patti is certainly coming, since she cannot obtain a French divorce and so refuses to sing at Paris and pay part of her salary to the Marquis de Caux.

A company of British burlesquers, from the London and provincial music-halls, have in vain attempted to repeat the triumphs of Lydia Thompson and her British blondes. A theatrical sensation, like a cannon-ball, seldom strikes twice in the same place.

STEPHEN FISKE.